

The Wedding Night

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Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé¬¼

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Chizuru Y., Kazama C.

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-07-26 18:45:12

Updated: 2013-07-26 18:45:12

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:05:51

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,325

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Not too far into the future, Chizuru and Kazama are now man and wife, free to have one another per Oni traditions. This is the telling of their first night of pleasure, the first of many to come. Kazama/Chizuru. Lemon. Oneshot.

The Wedding Night

Beneath the beautifully hand-embroidered silk blanket that had given them as a wedding present, Kazama and Chizuru were trapped in the embrace of lovers. There had been many a time when he would hold her in his arms, but she had never been so close to him, not in this manner. They were both in their white sleeping-yukata, and the two of them could not sleep.

"Sleep, Chizuru," Kazama whispered into her ear. "I would not touch you until you are ready." Although the Oni were in dire need of children, there was no pressure for them to start immediately. He had waited so long to finally make her his in every way, but he was willing to wait a little longer. He was in no mood to have her if she was not willing. He felt her heartbeat quicken with every second, unsure of what she should do.

"I am, butâ€¦" For the first time in many weeks, Chizuru blushed in front of him. Over the weeks that had led to their wedding, Chizuru had been given sufficient bridal training. The training actually entailed everything a new bride needed to do to please her husband, particularly bedsport, a term which had been preferred by the women of his household. Surely, a shy, demure girl like Chizuru would have surely fainted once or twice during such conversations with the womenfolk, but it was a necessary step towards womanhood, and a world of further pleasures. "Chikageâ€¦ have you been with other women before?" she asked him.

It was a question he knew she was bound to ask. "Yes," he told her. There had been days when he was young, and agile, days where only the

pleasures of the flesh had dominated his mind. It had been normal for any post-pubescent male. Oni girls, themselves already a rarity, were not to be touched. It was not a matter of morality, but rather a smart thing for them to do, because there were so few of them. Oni females would only give themselves to their husbands because despite all the joys that sex could bring, they were the ones who would bear the costs of pregnancy, and having children were a dangerous affair, especially so for the Oni despite their near-divine nature. Thus, Kazama had once sought his pleasure from the human world, and he was lucky to have met a tayu, an oiran of the highest rank, who taught him what it fully meant to please a woman. It had been a more complicated affair than what all men thought it was.

For some reason, she seemed to have expected his answer. Her husband was a handsome man who could be very convincing, very seductive person if he wanted to be. She had been first drawn to his voice. It was deep, a baritone that she had never once heard before meeting him. No matter how he would look like in the future, she would always recognize that voice of his. She wondered what it was about him that drew other women to him, but realized that there was not one feature she could single out. Her husband was wholly beautiful, an elegant man, although in possession of a severe, over-confident and slightly arrogant attitude. She would take his experience with other women as a gift, she supposed, knowing that there was no way she could turn back time, to make him only hers, because she suddenly realized how counterproductive it would be if both of them had been blushing virgins on their wedding night.

Kazama smirked. "You are an impatient woman, my dear wife," he whispered into her ear, after seeing those pleading eyes of hers. He kissed her deeply, lacing his fingers with hers as he held her hands to either side of her head. Their tongues met, and were joined in a feral dance that she had never felt before. She felt his tongue brush through the rows of her white teeth, before descending down her mouth to meet with hers.

It was at that time when he realized that he and his wife were complete opposites. She, like her illustrious surname, was like the gentle snows of winter. Pure, all encompassing, gentle, and slightly cool to the touch. To have her under him, their mouths joined as a forewarning to what might follow later, he realized how fair his wife actually was. Her skin was even smoother than the silk around them, and he knew, no matter what he would do to her, her skin would remain just as flawless, because she, like him, was an Oni.

When their lips parted to allow them to breathe, she noticed that Kazama, her husband, was nothing short of fire. His touch was warm, and when he restrained himself, it was a comforting, ever-present kind of warmth, like the fire at the hearth at the heart of every home. She had known the extent of his warmth, when a fire was untamed, and she knew the destruction that he would cause. But in that moment of contact, he had shown her a different kind of fire. This one, was the one that killed many a moth, with its ethereal glow and its heat.

When Chizuru's breathing normalized, Kazama propped himself up by his elbows, with her still beneath him. Slowly, he located the ties of her yukata and undid them, maintaining eye contact with Chizuru as he gently revealed the beauty that was his wife. He knew that she was a small, petite woman, but he had not known of the curves she had

possessed. Her breasts were generous enough for a woman of her build, while her legs, long and shapely. His eyes then trailed to the part southwards of her flat stomach, where her torso ended and her legs began. Tufts of brown-black hair tried to hide her womanhood from him, but he knew that it was there. "Look at me," he almost growled when she tried to turn away in embarrassment. Tipping her chin, he gave her another kiss, a brief, sweet one, before he started with his descent. "You are beautiful, Chizuru," he praised, kissing a hot trail down her neck and across her collarbones.

Gently, he switched to his tongue as he ascended the rounded curve of one breast, and cupped the other with his free hand. Exerting slight pressure, he squeezed the globe of flesh in his hand, and caught the other nipple between his teeth. He sucked it, drawing a little surprised moan from the back of her throat as she arched her back into his hand. It was her first taste of what pleasures he would show her, and he would gladly show her more of it.

He soon moved his lips to the other nipple, bringing her sensations that she had never experienced before. No single amount of training and explanation would ever be enough to prepare her to enter the new realm that he was going to bring her into. Her eyes were now glazed with passion, half-closed, she yearned to find something to anchor herself to the physical world around her with. With a slightly shaky hand, she caught hold of his golden hair and fisted it gently.

"Chikage," she sighed, and brought both hands to his cheeks, bringing him up for a kiss. Their lips melted into one another's, and with one arm held around her back, he raised her from the futon. Their eyes met, and for the first time in her life, she felt a strange need that could not be filled by just his presence, and whatever he was doing to her at that point of time. She had wanted more, and he sensed it.

He smirked, and nibbled on the arch of her neck, his hand moving further southwards, ceasing only when he reached the very edge of her womanhood. Chizuru did not understand what he was doing, but in the moments that followed, she felt the flaps of skin on her nether regions being parted, and he had caressed the small pearl of flesh that settled at their apex with the soft pad of his thumb. She gasped at such a foreign sensation, and as he progressed, he brought a finger into the depths of her being, feeling her.

Chizuru no longer found the strength to hold herself up, and relied on Kazama's strong arm to support her. She felt herself accommodating not only one, but two fingers, entering and retreating from her sheath, as if foreshadowing what was to follow later. She had lost all control of her own thoughts and actions, and when her eyes shot open in the sudden loosening of the heated pressure that had been building within her, she could only see the ruby eyes and the golden hair of her husband, bathed in moonlight.

She knew that it was not yet over, but as she recovered from what she knew was her first ever orgasm, she could not help but to admire Kazama, who seemed even more disheveled as she was, his yukata opened wide, allowing her a faint glimpse of his well-defined chest and powerful torso. "I wish to see you," she pleaded him.

"I am all yours," he told her, offering himself to her. For all her

demureness, she valiantly tugged at the ties of his obi, and quickly parted the folds of silken fabric away from him. All she saw now was him and him alone. He was fairer than she was, for some reason. His complexion was closer to white than hers, a meaningless comparison, but it made him look all the more ethereal, all the more inhuman, because of his coloring.

His body was sculpted. He more no scars, for all wounds borne by the Oni would heal, but she imagined that there were still places when the swords of his opponents would cut his skin. The wounds healed but the mind would remember them. She ran a hand down his chest, feeling their shape, feeling his skin against hers. His skin was smooth, and slightly heated from the moment that they had shared, which brought a red tinge to her face, knowing that whatever happened just now had affected him thus.

Her hand passed downwards, towards his ridges of his abdomen. His body was one owned by a warrior. She had seen the strength that this body possessed, and every inch of that strength went towards the protection of those he loved. For one moment, he seized her closer to him, and they enjoyed a kiss between them before she wandered further down his physique.

His erect manhood caught her eye next, almost hidden within the folds of the sheets around them. Her bridal training had taught her enough about its use, and she looked at it in awe. Without saying a word, he took her by the wrist, leading her hand onto his shaft, and encouraged her to stroke it. She did so gently, in achingly slow motions, as if she would hurt him if she applied greater pressure. Their eyes met in this ultimately erotic moment, and soon, his hand covered that of hers still on his manhood, and he began to show her exactly how he had wanted her to touch him.

Hissing in pleasure, Kazama watched as Chizuru was slowly emboldened by the passing moments. It brought a smirk to the corner of his lips to know that in all actuality, she had shared the same fear as he did, that they were concerned of breaking one another in their passion. Now knowing that there would be nothing of the sort, Chizuru decided to go further, and even sliding her tongue up his shaft, as he had done on many places on her skin previously. Such a gesture drew a deep moan from him, a guttural sound deeper than his already baritone voice.

She would have advanced further, she thought, but Kazama stopped her, smirking even more when she let out a subconscious whimper. "There will be plenty of time for that in the future, Chizuru," he said, leaning her back onto the futon. "Tonight, I shall worship you and only you."

Still wet and hot from her previous orgasm, Kazama knew that she was more than ready for him, for what was to come. Of course, there would be pain on her part, and like everything that they had been through, he knew that she would bear it, if only to experience the bliss that would come after. He looked at his wife, and found her drowned in the ecstasy of the moment, her large, honey-hued eyes half-lidded, panting in pleasure and her lips, redder and fuller because they were slightly swollen from all the kisses he had given her. This was a sight that was only for him, a sight that belonged only to him, and no other.

"Chizuru" he murmured her name, and covered her mouth with his, to bring her attention away from the short, dull stab of pain that came with his entrance into her sheath. Her entire body froze, and small beads of tears formed in the corner of her eye. He kissed them all away, otherwise remaining perfectly still as her body learned to accommodate itself with the foreign entity within it.

Moments passed and Chizuru opened her eyes fully. It was only then when she realized how much Kazama had filled her, and how sated she felt because of it. She wanted more of it, and wound her arms around his neck, bringing him closer to her. It was the sign that he took that she was ready to move, ready for him to bring her into new heights, heights that she had not known before. Slowly he withdrew from her depths, and slowly he thrust himself within her again. Each movement made her mewl, and soon, that tight coil that had developed within her appeared again.

It did not take them long to find their rhythm. Chizuru, for all her demureness, for all her elegance and simplicity, was actually a woman of full appetite where everything carnal was concerned. She had always wanted more, and he would give her more. She was strong, and most importantly, she trusted him. She knew that he would not hurt her, she knew that he would not force her to do anything that she was unwilling to do. She had already given her heart and her future to him. Now, she would give him her body as well, so that she could give him the child that he had always wanted, to secure the future of the Kazama clan, their family. She would give him everything that she was, because she loved him, because he knew that he had already done the same to her.

"I love you," she whispered into his ear after a particularly earth-shattering kiss, before she drowned in every sensation their physical union. He acknowledged those words by bringing her hand to his lips before winding her arm around his neck. Lowering himself so that their bodies were in complete contact, he continued the dance between them, calling her name as he got closer and closer to the brink.

It was at that moment, when ecstasy and release were only a fine line between one another, when heaven and earth were only seconds away from one another did Chizuru realize what kind of man her husband was. He was a man of few words, unlike those she had been used to. He preferred to show her what he had meant, and more often than not, he would let her find her way, to venture her own path until they ran parallel to his. It was his guidance that had brought her this far, and his guidance that gave her safety, surety, and now, utter bliss of the mind and more of the body.

Their eyes were open. Ruby met honey and it was more erotic than anything that they had done previous, that one gaze where Chizuru panted wordlessly from every new sensation brought to her, and as he grunted from how the muscles of her womanhood clamped against his shaft within her depths. That gaze brought them to the past, when they first met when she was just but a child, to the time when they were reunited through a trick of fate during the Ikedaya Affair, and then a few hours ago, when they had completed their wedding ceremony.

He called her name when he reached the brink, thrusting one last time before sending his seed deep into her womb. Her release came soon

after. For a long while he remained within her, even if the both of them were utterly spent, devoid of any will to move, hoarse of voice.

After a long while, he exited her depths, and rolled back onto the futon, bringing her onto his chest. "For a virgin, you were exceptionally adept," he teased her, noticing the red stain on the sheets. No doubt, the clan elders would be highly pleased to see this in the morning. If it were not for their strict traditions, he would have long bedded Chizuru, and now, he heaved a sigh of relief, knowing that he no longer need to hold back with her.

Chizuru blushed. She might have gained much confidence through her time with him, but still, there were things that she had not been exposed to, especially whatever had transpired previously. She had not known that the prelude to childbearing could be soâ€¦ soâ€¦ maddeningly pleasurable. "Chikageâ€¦" she grumbled, knowing full well that he was taking advantage over her.

Combing his fingers through her hair, he chuckled and kissed her forehead. "I meant those words, Chizuru," he emphasized, "There will be no other woman I will bring to my bed, save for you." Their lips met, a tender, chaste kiss, because they were both exhausted, from their lovemaking and the madness that was their wedding day.

She understood his sincerity. She had never doubted him, not once. "Chikageâ€¦ I've always wanted to ask youâ€¦" she turned towards him, trying to catch his attention before he drifted into sleep. "If we have a child, would you want a boy, or a girl?"

He knew that the chance for her to conceive just with one coupling was low, but he entertained her question nonetheless. He pressed his hand onto her flat stomach and said, "A girl. Oni girls are rare, and if we have one, she would be our treasure."

Smiling at his answer, Chizuru nodded her acknowledgement and cuddled against his hard, sculpted body and fell into a deep slumber. A girl for Kazama Chikageâ€¦ It would be what she would strive for, to give him a family, so that neither of them would ever be lonely in their long lives, ever again.

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><p>HAN: Hello there everyone! I'm just dropping by to say "Hi" ^.^ I hope you enjoyed this lemon, heh heh heh. Of course, if you've not read The Quest: Hakuouki Tsuisekiroku, it doesn't matter much. I think this piece is able to stand alone. If you've come onto this fic from The Quest, then I offer my apologies because I ran into a little bit of writer's block, heh heh. I've recovered from it to finish this after watching another anime, simply titled "K" for the sole reason that Tsuda Kenjirou, Kazama's voice actor was in it. OHOH OH OH~ Let me just say that you can see many parallels between Kazama and his character in K, and in the end I got out of the writer's block because of how much of Kazama I saw in that character. No, there wasn't any sex in K. Get your minds out of the gutter.<p>

End
file.